

HIS ONE REQUEST.

Sweet one, when I propose to you,
As some day I will manage to,
O, answer not, as young girls do:
"I'll be a sister to you."

Probably will kneel and sigh:
"Be mine, oh angel, or I die."
In which case, ah, do not reply:
"I'll be a sister to you."

Your cold disdain I would not fear,
I might endure a haughty sneer;
But I could never bear to hear:
"I'll be a sister to you."

Refuse me for my dearth of gold,
For that I am too young, too old,
Too stout, too thin; but oh, withhold
"I'll be a sister to you."

Of real sisters I've a score,
I expect a number more,
For half a score have said before:
"I'll be a sister to you."
—Harry B. Smith, in America.

FORTUNATE FINDERS.

Remarkable Discoveries of Lost Valuables.

Money Packages That Had Been Trampled in the Mud—Two Ring Stories—Strange Discoveries of Missing Diamonds and Valuable Manuscripts.

The paymaster of a large railroad company, having its headquarters in Boston, went out on one occasion with \$30,000 to pay off its employees. The money was carried under his arm wrapped up in an old newspaper. He stopped at a little wayside eating house for dinner, and on going away, in a fit of absent-mindedness, left the money lying on a chair. He had not gone many miles from the place before he missed it, and his dismay on discovering its loss can well be imagined. Almost despairing of recovering the package left in so public a place, he hurried back, and with trembling voice asked the woman in charge if she had seen the parcel. "There's a bit of paper in the chair boyant," said she, "perhaps that's it," which it proved to be, and the gentleman returned a happier and wiser man.

Another man in the same city lost a roll of bills amounting to \$10,000, which also was wrapped up in a newspaper. He told a friend of his loss, and the friend made him describe all the ground he had been over since he had the money. The last place mentioned was the post-office. The night was wet over head and slushy under foot. They visited the post-office and, going to the spot where the man had been standing, they found two or three bits of newspaper. It was the same. They looked further, and at last found the lost treasure. It had been kicked in turn by every one who came into the office, and when found was untied and completely soaked with water. It was all there, however, and the friends returned to their hotel and spent several hours in cleaning and drying it. The gentleman was so grateful for the sensible advice which had saved him from serious loss that he took out his friend and bought him the handsomest gold watch chain that he could find in the city.

A still more remarkable incident is related of the finding of \$130,000 lost by M. Pages in the Northern railway station in Paris some ten years ago. As one Ezetot, a French soldier, was walking with two comrades through the station they noticed on the floor a small package wrapped in a newspaper. They kicked it along before them for some distance, and when Ezetot was getting into the train, going home on short leave, one of his comrades, picking up the package, thrust it into the canvas forage bag slung at his side, Ezetot going on his way without having perceived the little pleasant. Arriving at Neuilly, where his parents lived, Ezetot's mother, emptying the forage bag, discovered the bundle, but thinking it a roll of old newspapers put it on a table in the kitchen. There it remained four or five days, till a married sister, calling in and seeing the package, was moved by an unwonted curiosity. Opening it she discovered documents representing the \$26,000, the loss of which M. Pages had advertised throughout Europe. The soldier and his parents, however, had not seen the advertisement, and not knowing what else to do, had recourse to the mare. That functionary communicating with Paris speedily brought down M. Pages, who, gladly paying the promised reward of £1,000, went off with his oddly recovered treasure. It would be an interesting supplement to the narrative if we could have a record of the feelings of the soldier who thrust this unexpected good fortune upon Ezetot when he heard the sequel to his little joke.

Among singular recoveries of lost valuables, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, one of the oddest occurred in Providence, R. I., some years ago. One day a gentleman in one of the largest stores of the city tried on a pair of fleece-lined gloves which did not suit him, so he bought another pair. A few days after he missed a gold ring from the third finger of the left hand, but had no idea how long it had been gone. He searched the house and went into the store where he had purchased the gloves and other places to see if anything had been seen of it, but in vain. Months rolled on, until another winter came, and the gentleman once more visited the clothing store in search of fleece-lined gloves. The first pair he tried on he found too short at the wrists. In taking off the left-hand glove he found a ring in one of the fingers. While slowly disentangling it from the fleecy lining he said to the salesman: "Here is a ring. Whose shall it be—mine, as I have found it, or yours, because it is found in your department?" The weighty question was decided in the gentleman's favor, when

suddenly his lost ring came into his mind and he said: "Who knows but this is the very ring I lost a year ago?" The answer was: "That can not be, as I do not think we have a pair of gloves on hand that we had last year at this time. Slowly the ring was drawn out, and, indeed, it was the same, with the owner's initials engraved upon it. The wonder was that the gloves had not been sent to some smaller store in the country, as was a frequent practice if not sold the previous season on the spot.

A still more wonderful ring story is told in an English periodical. A gentleman was walking along the shore of Hastings when he discovered that a valuable ring which he wore had slipped off. Although a diligent search was made, no trace of it could be found. A year afterward—indeed it is even said on the very anniversary—the gentleman again visited the spot, and while strolling along the shore a fisherman near him stooped down, picked up something, and ran after him, saying: "Did you drop this?" at the same time holding up the identical ring lost twelve months before.

Some of the most curious losses and recoveries of which we have any record are related in regard to famous jewels. Among these the De Sancy diamond may be mentioned as possessing a particularly singular history. The first known owner of this gem was Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who is said to have worn it in his helmet. It was lost in the battle in which its owner was killed, but was picked up by a Swiss soldier, who sold it to a priest for a florin. The priest, as ignorant as the soldier of its rare value, imagined that he had made a good bargain when he sold it to the King of Portugal for a florin and a half. The profit of the King, however, was somewhat larger than that of the unworshipful priest, for he received no less than 100,000 crowns for it from the wealthy Harley de Sancy, in whose family it remained for several generations. Finally one of his descendants, wishing to pawn it in order to lend Henri III. some money, sent it to a Jew broker by the hand of a servant in whom he had the utmost confidence. The servant never returned, and the broker declared that the man had never made his appearance with the diamond.

In spite of this assertion the confidence of De Sancy in the honesty of his old servant was unshaken. This confidence, as it afterward appeared, was not misplaced, for after a time the body of a murdered man was discovered near the city walls in a deep ditch, which was recognized as that of the missing servant. An attempt at robbery had evidently been made, and the faithful fellow had remained true to his master's interests to his last moments; for on the surgeons examining the body the diamond was found in his stomach, he having swallowed it as the only means left to him of outwitting his assailants. This diamond remained in the possession of the family for several more generations, but was at last sold to James III. of England, who presented it to Louis XIV. It remained among the crown jewels of France for some time, but was finally purchased by the Russian banker, Demidoff.

An interesting anecdote is related in the life of Lord John Lawrence in regard to that most famous diamond, the Koh-i-noor. When the precious gem was committed to the care of Lord Lawrence he stuffed it into his waistcoat pocket and went on with business. Dinner time arriving, he changed his clothes and threw his waistcoat aside. Six weeks later a message came that the Queen desired the diamond to be sent home at once. The matter had entirely escaped the memory of the absent-minded lord, and he at first avowed that he had forwarded it long before. When the facts came back to him he was badly frightened, but allowed no misgivings to appear, and took the first opportunity to slip away to his private room. Once there, with his heart in his mouth, he sent for his native servant and said to him: "Have you got a small box which was in my waistcoat pocket sometime ago?" "Yes, sahib," the man replied. "I found it and put it in one of your boxes." "Bring it here," said the sahib. Upon this the old servant went to a broken-down tin box and produced the little one from it. "Open it," said Lord Lawrence, "and see what is inside." He watched the man anxiously as he folded off of cloth was taken off, and great was his relief when the brilliant gem appeared. The servant seemed perfectly unconscious of the immense treasure he had had in his keeping. "There is nothing here, sahib," he said, "but a bit of glass." Thus, through the indifference of a native servant, what might have been a serious loss was turned into a happy recovery.

In an interesting article on the romance of literary discovery a writer in an English periodical names a number of notable book recoveries in ancient times. Among these is Homer's "Odyssey," 800 lines of which were found grasped in the hands of a mummy at Moufaliot; one of Cicero's most interesting treatises, which was found amid a heap of refuse near Milan, by a bishop of Lodi early in the fifteenth century, and the well known instance of the recovery of the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a tailor who was cutting it up for patterns. An equally singular recovery was that of a small portion of what was supposed to be one of the lost books of Livy. The tutor of a French nobleman in the fifteenth century was playing tennis when he chanced to notice that his racket bat was made of parchment covered with writing. As he was a good scholar he succeeded in deciphering it, and found that it was a

piece of historical Latin prose, in very much the style of Livy. He instantly hurried to the racket-maker; but in vain. The man could only tell him that he had fallen in with a mass of parchment and that it had long since been used up in the making of racket bats.

More fortunate than the tutor was a scholar named Musso, who chanced one afternoon to enter a bookbinder's shop in Paris. Noticing that the man was about to cut up a mass of manuscript, he begged leave to examine it. To his surprise he found that he had hit upon the works of Agobard, a learned prelate of the ninth century. Seeing its value Musso purchased the manuscript, and thus preserved a volume which contained many valuable details of those early days.

The recovery of the "Ethiopica" of Heliodorus, a Christian bishop of the fourth century, is cited as little short of miraculous. During the sack of Ofen, in 1526, a common soldier saw a manuscript lying in the streets, begrimed with dirt and trampled under foot by his comrades, who were intent on plundering the houses. Noticing that it was richly bound he picked it up and conveyed it to Germany, where it was shortly after printed and became one of the most popular romances of the times.

Still more remarkable was the discovery of Martin Luther's "Table Talk." In the year 1826 a German gentleman named Carbarus Von Sparr was engaged in building a new house. In the course of their excavations the workmen came upon a small square package wrapped in strong linen cloth which had been carefully plastered all over with beeswax. On opening and examining the parcel a volume was discovered. This volume was Luther's work, the only copy in existence. It had evidently been buried by Von Sparr's grandfather to escape the penalty of an edict issued by Rudolph II., at the instigation of Pope Gregory XIII., making it death for any one to possess the work. The loss of this book would have been a great misfortune, for without it we never should have understood the character of the great reformer—never have known what he was when surrounded by his family and his friends.

BELLS OF BETHLEHEM.

The Prettiest Women to Be Found Around Jerusalem.

There is a market inside the Jaffa gate, and I can see it just under me as I write. Great piles of oranges and lemons lie upon the flag sidewalk, and there are scores of women with baskets of vegetables before them. Many of these are from Bethlehem, and Bethlehem girls are the prettiest you see in Jerusalem. They have straight, well-rounded forms, which they clothe in a long linen dress of white, beautifully embroidered in silk, so that a single gown requires many months of work. This dress is much like an American woman's night gown without the frills and laces. It falls from the neck to the feet and is open at the front of the neck in a narrow slit as far down as a modest décolleté fashionable dress. Over this they have sleeveless cloaks of dark red stripes and their heads are covered with long shawls of linen beautifully embroidered. Just above her forehead each girl carries her dowry in the shape of a wreath-like strip of silver coins which stand on end fastened to a string, and crown the forehead with money. Some of the girls have several rows of these coins and some have crowns of gold. Not a few have coins of silver and gold the size of our \$20 gold pieces hung to strings about their necks, and none of the women hide their pretty faces, as do those Mohammedan girls near by, who, in shapeless white gowns with flowery white and red veils covering the whole of their faces, look like girls playing ghosts in white sheets. Beside these are Russian girls in the peasant costumes of modern Europe and Jewish maidens in gowns and flowered shawls. There are Greek priests, with high, black caps, and monks of all kinds, such as you see under the black cowls of Europe. The Syrian, the Turk, the Bedouin, the African, the Armenian and the Greek, are all in that crowd below me, and among them all is the form of the ubiquitous American traveler, who, in pith helmet hat and green sun umbrella, has conquered the East as well as the West.—F. G. Carpenter's Jerusalem Letter in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Johnny on the Wasp.

A wasp is a six-legged bird that lives mostly in trees and under the eaves of barns, and you can not tame him; he is too busy. Never stroke his fur the wrong way, because it makes him mad, and when a wasp is mad I don't want nothing to do with him. He has what they call "a stinger," and when he goes out a stinging, boys must keep away from him. I leaned up again one once when he was busy, and I jumped much as a foot; he had to put a mud pie on the place. I hit a wasp's nest with a stone once, and the boss wasp chased me clean across the lot so fast that when I got over the fence I tore my pants; then he spanked me till I wished I had let the old wasp sting me. Some say wasps make honey, but if their honey is as hot as their stinger I don't want none. Pa says the stinger ain't so bad at first as the rekolashuns of it for a few days. He ought to know, cos me and my brother Ike got on the roof and poked a big nest from the peak down in the barnyard while pa was milkin'—Toledo Blade.

—There is many a man thinks he is in advance of the times when he is behind them.—Boston Courier.

—Branch Office of the—

McKinley Mortgage & Debiture

COMPANY.

Farm Loans Made Promptly. Money Constantly on Hand. No Delay in Closing Loans. Money Paid when Papers are Signed.

First National Bank Building,
DODGE CITY, KANS.

13-1

W. T. COOLIDGE, MANAGER

BEST WEEKLY AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

\$1.00 PER YEAR. ESTABLISHED AT CHICAGO, IN 1841. \$1.00 PER YEAR.



THE FARM, ORCHARD AND FIRESIDE.

DEVOTED TO PRACTICAL AND CORRECT INFORMATION ON AGRICULTURE, LIVE STOCK, VETERINARY, DAIRY, HORTICULTURE, ENTOMOLOGY, POULTRY, BEES, GARDEN AND LAWN, SCIENCE, MARKETS.

A Family Journal for two generations, the acknowledged favorite, at the fireside of western homes. The Household Department, carefully prepared and illustrated delights the ladies. Its Miscellaneous, Puzzles, and Young Folks endear it to the young members of the family. Filled with Practical Illustrations and Concise, Timely Topics of General Interest.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Do not fail to read THE PRAIRIE FARMER during 1899—its 50th year. Send for a free sample copy or subscribe at once, addressing:
THE PRAIRIE FARMER PUB. CO., 150 Monroe St., CHICAGO, ILL.

"CHAMPION" COW MILKER.

LATEST PATENTED
IMPROVED. 1887.

This is the only Perfect Self-Acting Cow Milker in the world.

The AGRICULTURIST says, "That it is the Greatest Invention of the age." It will milk any cow in from 3 to 5 Minutes. Cows like it better than hand milking. It increases the yield of milk, saves labor, prevents uncleanness, does away with sore teats and kicking cows and is easily managed. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS. Endorsed and used by hundreds of leading Dairymen of the United States and Canada. Sent to any address on receipt of \$2.00. Please send stamp for testimonials and circulars. Agents Wanted. Address,

NEW YORK DAIRY COMPANY,
v13-13 1y. 429 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

College of Western Kansas.

COURSE OF STUDY:—Classical, Scientific, English, Normal, Business, Musical.

SCHOOL TERM:—Fall Term begins Sept. 10, 1889. Winter Term begins January 7, 1890. Spring Term April 1, 1890.

EXPENSES:—Fall term, 15 weeks, \$13. Winter Term, 12 weeks, \$10. Spring term, 10 weeks, \$8.50. No incidentals. Board, \$3.50 to \$4 per week in private families. Day board, \$1 to \$2 per week. Rooms and board in College Dormitory \$1.50 to \$2.25.

The School is Thorough, Progressive, Practical, Economical.

Send for circulars to

Rev. J. M. WRIGHT, President,

LOCK BOX 51.

Dodge City, Kansas.

Delmonico HOTEL Restaurant

Everything New and First-Class.

Charles Heinz,

FRONT STREET,

DODGE CITY, KANSAS

GO TO P. H. SUCHRUE'S Second-Hand Store!

WEST OF POST OFFICE—Chestnut St., bet. 2d & 3rd Aves.
For Bargains in New and Second-hand goods. Persons desiring goods sold at Private sale or Auction, will be charged a reasonable commission. Auction Sale Wednesday and Saturday, beginning at 1 p. m. Also House Moving done on short notice. Office at Store.
P. H. SUCHRUE.
v13-1

ADOLF GLUCK LEADING

Watch-maker And Jeweler.
Repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry done in a workmanlike manner. Also a large stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry on hand at
DODGE CITY, KANSAS

W. F. DEAN, Successor to GEO. S. EMERSON.

Carry a full line of

Staple & Fancy Groceries.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

BRICK STORE, OFF. DEPOT. 11-20 DODGE CITY, KANSAS

THE PRESS

(NEW YORK)
FOR 1890.

DAILY. SUNDAY. WEEKLY.

The Aggressive Republican Journal of the Metropolis.

A Newspaper for the Masses.

Founded December 1st, 1887.

Largest Daily Circulation of any Republican Paper in America.

THE PRESS is the organ of no faction; pulls no wires; has no animosities to avenge.

The most remarkable newspaper success in New York.

The Press is now a National Newspaper, rapidly growing in favor with republicans of every state in the Union.

Cheap news, vulgar sensations and trash find no place in the columns of the Press. It is an expensive paper, published at the lowest price American currency permits.

THE PRESS has the brightest editorial page in New York. It sparkles with points.

THE PRESS SUNDAY EDITION is a splendid sixteen page paper, covering every current topic of interest.

THE PRESS WEEKLY EDITION contains all the good things of the Daily and Sunday editions with special features suited to a weekly publication. For those who cannot afford the Daily or are prevented from early receiving it, the weekly is a splendid substitute.

THE PRESS.

Within the reach of all. The best and cheapest newspaper published in America.

Daily and Sunday, one year	\$5.00
" " " 6 months	2.50
" " " one month	.45
Daily only, one year	3.00
" " " four months	1.00
Sunday only, one year	2.00
Weekly, one year	1.00

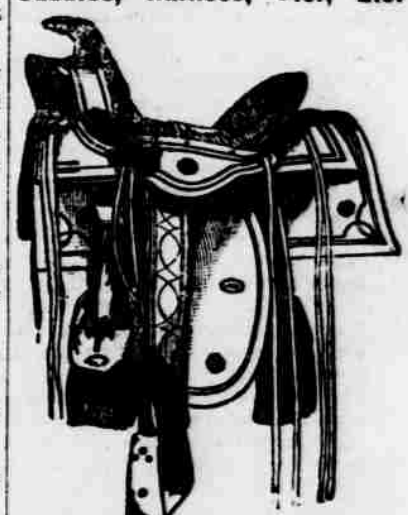
Send for THE PRESS Circular with full particulars and list of excellent premiums. Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions. Address

THE PRESS, New York

R. E. RICE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Saddles, Harness, Etc., Etc.



Saddles Made to Order.

Genuine California Trees a Specialty

All Goods Warranted as Represented.

Send For Prices.

DODGE CITY, 8-17 KANSAS

BEFORE YOU BUY A STEAM ENGINE OR BOILER

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES

ATLAS ENGINE WORKS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, Established 1845.

Is the oldest and most popular scientific and mechanical paper published and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world. Fully illustrated. Best class of wood engravings. Published weekly. Send for specimen copy. Price \$3.00 a year. Four months' trial \$1.00. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 251 Broadway, N. Y.

ARCHITECTS & BUILDERS

A great Success. Each issue contains colored lithographic plates of country and city residences or public buildings. Numerous engravings and full plans and specifications for the use of such as contemplate building. Price \$2.50 a year, or 25 cents a copy. MUNN & CO., Publishers.

PATENTS may be secured by applying to MUNN & CO., who have had over 40 years experience and have made over 100,000 applications for American and foreign patents. Send for handbook. Correspondence strictly confidential.

TRADE MARKS.

In case your mark is not registered in the Patent Office, apply to MUNN & CO., and procure immediate protection. Send for handbook.

COPYRIGHTS for books, charts, maps, etc., quickly procured.
MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors.
GENERAL OFFICE: 381 Broadway, N. Y.